

You are my light

by SeriinSakura

Category: Fairy Tail

Genre: Drama, Friendship

Language: English

Characters: Gajeel R., Lucy H., Mirajane S., Natsu D.

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 14:04:26

Updated: 2016-04-22 22:25:35

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:34:25

Rating: M

Chapters: 3

Words: 6,798

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: It's not like I don't want to be friends. It's not like I don't want to trust them. and especially him. But will they still want to be my friends if they know? Because after all...How could I ever tell them? Serena tries to live her life as well as possible, but finds herself trapped in a very dangerous situation , wich makes it hard for her to open up to others (OOC)

1. Control

****A/N****

****Thanks for reading. please review, since this is my first fanfic ever. it's a bit short maybe, i'll try to make longer chapters****

****CH. 1 : 'Control'****

The loud music pounded trough my room as I turned the bass on, and the volume high. I sat down on the ground next to my bed, leaning my back into the frame as I picked up my pocketknife. I closed my eyes as I pulled up my sleeve. My heartbeat was pounding in my ears, louder and faster than the music. Faster than it should be. My breathing was shallow. The vibrant red pulsed behind my closed eyelids, as I put the knife on my upper arm, added pressure, and pulled back. A sigh escaped my lips as the burning sensation made me feel almost exhilerated.

_'Control. I need to regain my control. I can't lose my control', _i thought to myself.

I cut trough my skin a second time. And a third. and then I just kept going untill my heartbeat slowed down, my breathing turned back to normal, and my eyelids didn't pulse red anymore. My arm burned from the cuts, as I felt blood dripping down. Slowly I opened my eyes.

—'

_How many this time?' _

I took in the damage as I counted.

_ 'Too much_

My dad slammed my bedroom door against the wall.

"Serena! Turn that music down! Now!"

Ofcourse he'd start yelling as soon as he came home. Calmly I pulled down my sleeve and got up. If he noticed the cuts, I knew he'd never say anything about it , or it would be a hatefull remark. He didn't care anyway. Never did, not even then...

_My mother yelled at my dad, while she started crying. _

_"That's it! I've had enough! I will not accept you tormenting me any longer! This time I mean it. I'm leaving!" _

And she picked up her suitcases and walked right out the frontdoor, and out of my life. And he just snorted as she left.

"Good ridance", and he gave me a faul grin, like he purpossely tried to hurt me.

_ I know she didn't leave me, or at least; she didn't intend to. But I never saw her again. She moved as far away from my dad as she possibly could. She fled. She emailed and called me every now and then, but truthfully, I was hurt by the fact that she left me here, with him. I knew why she left. I knew what he was like. Just as I knew he would not let me leave too. First of all, I was still a minor. Second of all...I was his favourite toy_

I walked over to my radio and turned the volume down.

"Anything else?", I taunted him.

I knew I was provoking him, I knew that. I just hated him so much for imprissoning me like this. For not allowing me to have a lock on my bedroom door, and allways invading my privacy. There was only one reason why I did not go to the police to turn him in; when the time was right i would kill him with my own hands, without getting convicted, because it would be selfdefense. That's why provoking him didn't bother me, even though I knew what might happen if I did. I just needed to be pushed a little more. So close to the edge..

_ 'Just another nudge old man, and I'll send you straight to hell.' _

"Get diner ready, bitch."

And he left. No remarks on dressing up, as he sometimes did. Fine. I'd get diner ready. Maybe I would poison him in the process. First him and then myself. I wanted to taste the sweet bliss of death.

Next morning was Monday. The first day at a new school, since my

father decided to move to Magnolia over the summer break. The school was called "Mavis' Higschool for the gifted." Apparently it gave it's students the freedom to explore and develop their talents, and the teachers gave appropriate guidance, adapted to each students' qualities. I liked that. Maybe I'd finally be able to play the piano again. I loved music. It calmed me, soothed me. Especially classical music.

As I got ready for school, my father passed me in the hallway on his way to work. Just when I thought he would let me leave without messing with me for once, he shoved me asside and pushed me against the wall, one hand on my right shoulder, the other firmly grasping my chin, forcing me to look at him.

"Listen up. If I find out you start dating one of those punks at school, I'll beat you within an inch of your life, understood?"

"Yes, sir." _' _

_As if I wanted a boyfriend after being diviled by you', _ I thought.

As if he read my mind, his left hand lowered to my breast, squeezing it.

"That's right, you little slut. You're mine."

And after that he let go, pushing me out the front door. As I started to feel nauseous, I ran out of the street and turned the corner to the subway station. I made my way to some bushes, and bent over them, emptying my stomach on the leafs.

"Fuck".

He got to me again.

Arriving at school, I noticed it was huge, and crowded with students.

_ 'Oh God, help me.' _

I hated crowds. It was allways so narrow and noisy. I already heard over a thousand voices at ones, all from the students and teachers crowding the school grounds. It was getting on my nerves. I grabbed my upper arem, putting pressure on the cuts. I wanted to tear them open, and let the stress bleed out.

A warm hand touched my right shoulder.

"You ok?"

My stomach twisted in my body as I realised a guy was touching me, and in a split second i swirled around, slapping his hand away. The pink haired boy shook his hand more in surprise than actual pain, and stared at me a bit dumbfounded. His party of friend looked at me with surprise and distrust, although one black haired guy looked pretty amused. I knew I overreacted but he startled me. A blonde stepped forward.

"Sorry, Natsu probably startled you. Are you alright? You look a bit off."

I stared into her big brown eyes, and tried to see if I could trust her.

"I'm fine", I finally replied.

"I just got a bit overwhelmed. I'm not used to having so many people at one school." I gave the pink haired guy a cautious glare. "Sorry about that."

He gave me the widest (and honestly the dumbest) grin I had ever seen.

"No problem."

He held out his hand.

"I'm Natsu."

I carefully shook his hand, noticing how feverish this guy felt, making sure not to flinch at the contact.

"Serena Gordon."

Natsu nodded and gestured at the blonde.

"That's my girl Lucy."

Lucy nodded with a bashful smile when he said 'my girl'. Natsu gestured at the blackhaired guy, who was almost shirtless, apart from a sleeveless jacket he was wearing, showing off his clearly toned and tanned upper body.

'_What the hell?' _

"That's Gray, my best buddy",

Natsu told me, as he was already turning around slightly to point at the others. There was a beautiful red haired girl, who was obviously older than Natsu, Lucy and Gray, And a blue haired guy, standing quietly next to her.

"That's Erza and Jellal."

Natsu finished his introductions with a smile. Erza nodded with a stern face, as Jellal smiled at me slightly.

"Hello, Serena. It's nice to meet you."

Jellal's voice was gentle and soft, and somehow I felt a little more at ease. I nodded in return, and decided to ask for a little help.

"Say, Lucy. I need to go to the secretary's office, to get my schedule and such. Could you tell me where it is?"

Lucy smiled, seemingly pleased with my request.

"Ofcourse, come with me. I'll show you."

As she led me into the building, I noticed the entire party followed us. They must be close friends. Lucy showed the building to me on the way to hte office, explaining in wich direction what classes were held.

"Here we are",

she said, stopping in front of a door that had the name 'Ms Mirajane Strauss' on it.

"She is young, but very kind",

Lucy told me.

" If you need anything, you can ask her".

I smiled and thanked her, and said goodbye to the entire group, before turning towards the door. I took a deep breath, and knocked.

2. Chapter 2: Newbie

****CH.2 Newbie****

"Come in!"

The female voice sounded kind, and like music to my ears. Slowly I opened the door, and stepped inside. A fair, young, silverhaired woman looked at me with big blue hues full of kindness.

"What can I do for you?" she friendly inquires.

I took a step forward, drawn in by her kindness. After all, I've known so little kindness in my life.

"It's my first day here. So I've got no idea where my classes are, or how it all works."

My direct and honest answer made her smile.

"Close the door and sit down. I'll get some papers for you."

I did as she said, looking around as I took a seat. The office is not very big, but light, decorated with some really girly furniture. Not really my taste, but not bad. There's a picture on the wall, showing the woman in front of me, with a younger girl that looks exactly like her, but with a short pixie haircut, and a massive muscled guy. Obviously her relatives.

"My siblings", Ms Strauss explained as she noticed what I was looking at.

"My younger sister, Lisanna, should be about your age. She goes to school here too. My brother, Elfman, is in the school football team. Quarterback."

She smiled at me as she puts a stack of papers on the desk.

"I just graduated last year. They liked me so much, the headmaster asked me to stay as a student counselor."

She reached out her hand.

"Mirajane Strauss. But you can just call me Mira. Everyone does."

I grasped her hand and shook it gently.

"Serena Gordon."

Mira nodded, and grabbed a pen, scribbling something down on a memo. She handed me a paper, which turned out to be a list of the basic classes everybody has to take, plus a list where those classes are held, and where the classrooms are. Mirajane looked up at me again.

"Do you have any specific classes you want to join, to increase your talents? Or try something new?"

I nodded.

"Yes. I wanted to take music classes and arts."

My thoughts wander back home. I am too weak. I need...

"And Self defense, and martial arts. I'd like those too."

Mira looked happy when I mentioned music and arts, but at martial arts her face looked shocked.

"Are you sure? Erza Scarlet is the only girl in that class, and she is as rough as the guys are, if not worse."

I nodded again, this time more frantically.

"Very sure."

Mirajane sighed in defeat as she saw the determination in my eyes, and went through some papers again. In the distance I hear a schoolbell ring and Mira's

"Oh boy, I'm late."

told me I should probably be in class right now. She picked another letter from drawer, signed it and handed it to me.

"Show this to your teacher. That way he won't make a note of you being late."

She handed me the rest of the papers.

"If you want to join anything else, come see me. But for now, off you go."

I thanked her and left the office with an impressive pile of papers. Where was that school map again? As I searched for my schedule and my map, the stack of papers in my hand became a bit annoying to hold in one hand. When I finally found the right papers, and pulled them out

of the stack, the rest of the papers where sent flying trough the air, and slowly glided to the floor.

"Snap."

I got down on all fours to grab my papers, and was suddenly confronted with a pair of huge black army boots right in front of me. Before i could look up, a black haired guy squated down, and started picking up papers. His long black hair was ridiculously messy, pointing in all different directions, and his face and body were adorned with flat, metal piercings. His nose, his eyebrows, his ears, even his arms. I looked down at my papers in shock. He looked scary.

" New huh?"

His huskey voice rumbles in my ears.

"Uh, yeah."

He hands me the papers, and I look up to thank him. My words get stuck in my troath as I looked him in the eye. His eyes are a very dark shade of brown, but they seem to have an almost red-ish glow to them. I can hear myself gulp, and by the look on his face, he heard it too. The left corner of his mouth twitched into something I guessed was meant to be a smile, revealing a long fanglike tooth just slipping over his lower lip, and basically, it makes him look like a tiger stalking his prey. And I don't paricularly like that idea.

"Uh...I...Uhm...thanks for helping."

He chuckled at my stuttering.

"No problem, newbie. Need help getting to class?"

My heart almost stopped beating.

"N-No, I'll be fine."

I looked at my schedule, hoping he would go away, but instead, he took a step forward, so he could stand next to me, peeking over my shoulder so he could look at my schedule. I stood frozen in fear. A guy like this standing behind me, and so close. I was really scared, as I felt him breathing down my neck.

"Oh, we both have Maths. Follow me newbie, we're late."

My head snapped up as he walked away, basiacally leaving me no other choice but to follow him. Great. Not like he was waiting for me or anything.

Reluctantly I folowed him, while my father's parting words from this morning rang in my mind. Not even he would call this dating, but if he would be irrational enough, or just looking for a reason to hurt me, he could definetely find a way to call this dissobediance. A cold shiver ran down my spine as I started to calm my mind.

'Calm. You're save here. He can't hurt you here.'

I told myself that over and over. The black haired guy stops in front of a door, which has the number of our maths class on it. I inhale nervously.

"Scared newbie?"

he asked me with a mean grin. Gosh, he is annoying.

"No." I exclaim firmly. "It's just another damn class." I paused. "But thanks for taking me here. Sure saved me some time."

He chuckled a bit weird, for some pierced punk like he is. It sounded a bit mischievous, like a high "ghihhi", and it sent shivers down my spine, and made my hair stand on end. I don't think I like him.

"Ladies first, newbie."

I snorted. "Serena."

He grinned. "Yeah, like I'll remember."

Ugh. Annoying punk. "Whatever, scum."

Now he just laughed at me, as I swung the door open and marched into the classroom, completely annoyed and irritated.

The teacher looks at me, his face one big questionmark.

"I assume you would be Miss Gordon?" he asked me.

I nodded and handed him the letter Mira gave me. He looks at it, and then nodded, before glancing over my shoulder at the 'rockstar'.

"And you, mr Redfox? Do you have any good reason to be late? Again?"

The punk chuckled.

"Newbie over here decided to decorate the floor with her papers. So I thought I'd help her pick them up, like the gentleman I am."

Someone in the back snickered at his explanation, as he continued:

"And I decided I'd let her tag along, as she needed to be here anyway."

The teacher looked at me in disbelief, and I nodded reluctantly.

"Alright, Gajeel. You're off the hook this time. Take your seat."

The guy, whose name apparently is Gajeel, walked over to a red haired girl somewhere in the middle and took the empty seat next to her. I wonder if she's his girl. She looks weird enough to date trash like him. Her long red, flame like hair is so long, even in a high ponytail it still reached the floor. She wore a tight red dress, with

splits up to her thighs. It looked hot on her, but who wore a dress to school?

The teacher cleared his troath.

"Miss Gordon?"

I looked at him with a blush on my cheeks as I realised I missed his question.

"Sorry? I didn't hear you."

The majority of my new classmates started to laugh and giggle at my absentmindedness. Great. I'm already making a fool of myself. The teacher smiled at me friendly.

"Could you introduce yourself to your classmates shortly?"

O shit. I hated this.

"Uh."

I saw a familiar flash of pink to my left, and as I looked at it ,I saw Lucy and Natsu. I kept looking at Lucy, who gave me an encouraging nod. Talking to her won't be that bad. I looked at her as I started talking.

" My name is Serena Gordon. I moved to Fiore during summerbreak, and now live in the Magnolia district with my", I gulped loudly. "My father."

If anybody heared m gulp, they sure didn't respond to it.

"I like music, and play piano."

Gajeel jolted upright from his lazy position at my last sentence. I can hardly imagine he would like my kind of music ,but either way he has a huge grin on his face as he rests his chin on his right fist. The teacher claimed my attention again.

" Thank you, Serena. Go take a seat. Next to Gray is empty."

And he points at Natsu's half naked friend. Why do I have to sit next to a half naked weirdo? As I hessitantly took my place, a blue haired girl turns around in front of me with a look that could kill.

"Looove rival.." she whispered eerily.

_'What the hell?' _

Gray sighed next to me.

"Never mind Juvia. She is obsessed with me for some reason."

He paused.

"Unfortunately."

What kind of weird ass school is this really? I tried to ignore the

fact that this school is obviously full of crazy people and focussed on my Mathematics. I've always been fairly good at it, so it wasn't hard for me.

The rest of the day goes by reasonably. I have to introduce myself in basically every class, because there is so much optional classes to take. The normal classes is always with the same people though. Good to know I'll be stuck with half naked Gray, obsessed Juvia and rockstar Gajeel most of the time. I notice Gajeel, Jellal and Lucy are in my music class too, and Jellal is also in art class. So, for the time being I had some familiar faces to cling to. As long as they don't get too familiar.

Music class was the best class of my first day. It was held in a huge auditorium and almost every seat was taken. That was a good thing with choir singing, but not so good with solo performances. Too much audience. But ofcourse our music teacher, Ms Kinana, decided a solo performance was the best way to introduce myself, as she said "Music is the reflection of ones soul."

After she greeted me, and welcomed me to her class, she demanded the students attention, wich they immediately gave her, even though I was sure some students were older than she was.

"Class. This is Serena. Lets greet her like we do with all new students."

And like she gave a sign, the auditorium erupted in singing, as the students sang hi to me. It was childish, but they sounded like angels and I got goosebumps head to toe , just listening to it. And ofcourse I was massively emberassed.

"Eh. Hi."

O good. I managed to stutter something comprehensible, how nice.

Ms Kinana turned towards me.

"It's a custom that new students introduce themselves by playing or singing a song of choice. You can choose any instrument you want, and take all the time you want. Your introduction should be clear and void of stress."

I grimassed.

"I'm not really relaxed at the thought of a solo performance."

"Ghihihi, newbie is scared. "

I blushed as red as Erza's hair as Ms Kinana corrected him.

"Silence Gajeel. I do not allow this kind of nonsense from you."

Determined to show Gajeel a piece of my abbilities, I headed straight for the piano. I hadn't played a real one in years, but the sound of every key was carved into my memory. I adjusted the seat and pressed a few keys, to see if it was tuned, wich ofcourse it was, and took a deep breath.

'Calm down Serena. No reason to be anxious.'

I saw Gajeel sit up straight , paying attention, like he was actually curious what I was going to play.

My left hand pressed the first chords and my right hand quickly followed. My heartbeat slowed down as I started to play the first movement of Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. It had allways been my favorite piece. Even though the first movement reflected my sadness and darkness, I was happy I was still able to play this.

As the students listened in silence, and my performance echoed trough the auditorium, a little man quietly walked in, accompanied by Mirajane. They took two of the few empty seats in the front and listened, as I moved on to the second movement. This part was a bit quicker, even though it was still mysterious, and I could allways imagine fairies dancing in the moonlight as I played. This was my happy place. The place I fled to when my father...

I pounded the keys as I moved on to the third and last movement fluently. Although this was suposed to sound a little happier, I couldn't help but make it sound angry, like the monster of my nightmares had chased the fairies away and left nothing but darkness. I felt my eyebrows furrow in anger, as my foot pressed the pedal in a steady pace, and I bopped my head to the rythm, while my hands danced on the keys. This sounded way more agresive than it should be, but this was the only way I had ever been able to play this. Had I been angry al this time? This long?

My left hand flew up in the air after hitting the last key, and I noticed I was sweating and panting. I thought about my performance, replaying it in my mind. I made more than a few mistakes, but after all it had been more than five years ago, since I last played the piano. That third movement was still too angry though.

My selfreflection was interupted by slow, polite applauding. Maybe my performance was worse than I thought, or they just didn't like classical music. I looked up as Ms Kinana walked towards me.

"That was very impressive. Beethoven is really difficult to play."

I smirked.

" Try Chopin."

I heard an allready familiar giggle at my deadpanned reply, and shot Gajeel an angry glare. To my surprise he actually looked impressed. Until he saw my angry glare that is. Ofcourse that only amused him, and he gave me a wide mischievous grin in return. Annoying, arrogant..

"I would love to hear you play Chopin,"

Ms Kinana interupted our exchange, completely oblivious to it.

"About that third movement though. Was that suposed to sound so angry? "

Miss Kinana looked at me curiously, and she wasn't the only one. I slowly got up, so I was at eye level. Sort of at least, because she was a bit shorter.

"No , it wasn't. But that's the only way I've ever been able to play that part."

Ms Kinana frowned, surprised or worried, I couldn't really tell.

Behind her the little old man and Mirajane got on the stage and Ms Kinana turned to face them, bowing politely.

"Headmaster Dreyar. Mira."

Gesturing at me she inquired,

"I guess you came to see our new student?"

Motioning me forward she introduced me to the old man, who appeared to be the headmaster. He smiled at me gently, with such a glee look in his eyes, I felt my chest swell with warmth. I liked this man.

"Welcome Serena. Your performance was brilliant. I hope you'll be able to develop your talents more, or maybe discover some new talents, hm?"

I nodded.

"Yes sir, thank you."

He smiled at me again.

"If there is anything we can do for you, please. Do not hesitate to come to me or Mira, alright?"

I nodded again, knowing I would never tell them what I needed most.

I could see Mr Dreyar wanted to say something more, but he was interrupted by the brisk opening of the auditorium door, as Natsu barging in.

"Oy, gramps! Laxus is losing his temper with one of the youngsters again, and Elfman and Freed can hardly hold him back!"

The headmasters face turned dark.

"That boy.."

I wasn't sure if he meant this Laxus or Natsu, calling him gramps. He wasn't really his grandson was he? The headmaster turned to Mirajane.

"You see if you can handle that out of control boyfriend of yours eh?"

Mirajane blushed, but nodded and left, Natsu running ahead of her. I looked at them leaving, completely surprised. Mira's boyfriend

sounded a bit short tempered, and Mira was so gentle. How did those two end up together? Once again my thoughts were interrupted, this time by the headmaster.

"You'll have to excuse me. My grandson causes quite a storm sometimes, when one of the younger kids starts complaining, or crying. We'll have to talk another time."

And with that, he too left the auditorium, just when the schoolbell rang to signal the end of this class, and time for the next.

****A/N :Please read my other story too : Diner is served.****

****I hope you like this chapter. I know there's a lot of background stuff now, but it is needed for my plot. please leave a review****

****thanks!****

3. Chapter 3: Invaded

****A/N : Warning: This chapter is a bit...edgy. I'm not going over the top, and definitely not getting too descriptive(gotta obey the rules after all) but, a particular scene in this chapter might be mildly shocking.****

****CH. 3: Invaded****

As the last schoolbell rings to signal the end of the day, I tiredly grab my backpack, and slowly leave the building. I hear someone running behind me, so I automatically step aside to let whoever it is through. But instead of passing by, the runner stops, and before I can turn around to look, two strong, warm arms lift me off the ground. I start screaming at the top of my lungs, and with a shock I'm put back down on my feet. The guy's hands-'cause it's obviously a guy- slip from the impact, and one of them ends up just below my breast. Feeling my father's touch from this morning, I whirl around, as I push the guy away, before I slap him in the face as hard as I can. I see Natsu looking at me in shock and disbelief as his left cheek turns red, and Lucy comes running towards us.

"What? OH! Natsu, what'd you do?"

She turns towards me.

"What did he do?"

I ignore her, staring at Natsu completely infuriated.

"Stay away from me. If you ever touch me again, I swear I will seriously hurt you."

My voice sounds low and icecold. A voice in the back of my head tells me I'm overreacting, but I'm trembling with a sudden strike of disgust and fear, and I don't want them to see how scared I am. Natsu actually looks hurt at my words.

"I'm sorry,"

He mumbles.

"I just wanted to goof around a bit."

I stare at him in dead silence, as I notice people looking at us. It seems Lucy finally understands what happened, because out of nowhere she starts scolding Natsu.

"You lift her up in the air, didn't you?"

Natsu nods, lowering his gaze.

"I told you not to do that with everyone. Not everyone likes that. And especially not new girls. They have to get used to your weirdness."

Natsu nods again. I'm getting tired and fed up with this, and turn around to walk away. And once again, I stand face to face with Gajeel.

'Now what? '

Gajeel looks over my head to Natsu and grins.

"Quite a slap you gave him. You must really hate to be touched, or you just don't like him."

He glares down at me.

"So, what is it that made you slap him?"

I feel a flush of heat shooting up to my face, thinking about the real cause of all this. If it wasn't for HIM! I stare up at Gajeel, my face angry.

"None of your damn bussiness! Now move!"

His facial expression changes, but I can't make out what this expression is. Either way he steps aside, and I march off the school grounds , as my eyes start to burn with tears.

'Don't cry! '

I slam the door shut behind me. I don't even have the chance to check if my father is home, because he opens the door to the living room, looking at me furiously.

"What's with that door slamming? Can't you close it in a normal manner?"

I rudely ignore him and walk straight past him, without even looking at him. I know that will piss him off, but honestly, I don't really care right now. Let him beat me up. And as I think that, something hard hits the back of my head. I fall over, catching myself on my hands, almost hitting my head on the coffee table. I get up and turn to face him, barely in time to dodge his next punch. I raise my arms to defend myself, cursing myself for leaving my pocketknife in my room. My father just gives me an evil grin.

"Oh? So now you want to fight huh? You think you can handle your old

man? Well, come on then. Hit me little bitch!"

I lower my fists as he finishes speaking.

"What a joke! You're giving up already? No wonder that lousy whore you used to call mother , abandoned you."

And then I snap. I lunge at him with all my strength and punch him in the face as hard as I can.

'Stupid.'

I know this is stupid. I'm not strong enough to fight him. I don't know why I even tried. I wasn't thinking. Either way, he stumbles back a few steps and looks at me in shocked surprise, as I look at him.

"It is no wonder my mother left a piece of trash like YOU.
Father."

I emphasise the last word on purpose, my voice dripping with sarcasm, and I see insanity flicker in my fathers eyes.

'I shouldn't have said that.'

My fathers anger grows visibly, making him look like a devil.

"You dirty little slut. I'll get you for that."

As he says those words, I realise this was his plan, even before I came home. He needs to have his way with me again. When that realisation hits me, my anger fades and is immediately replaced by cold fear.

"L-Leave me alone!"

I try to sound strong, but my fear causes me to stutter, making him smile like a demon as he comes walking my way. I step away from him, backing up as he comes closer.

"N-No! Please, dad. Please don't."

I know. I know I shouldn't be begging. I should be screaming for help. Run, fight, anything. But the look in his eyes paralyzes my senses, and all I can do is back up. My legs touch the couch, and losing my balance, I fall to the seat. The next second I'm pinned down by my father, my hands pinned above my head, his right knee pushing between my legs. I flinch and try to get away from him, but to no avail. He is too strong, and my struggling only amuses him. He chuckles and gets his face close to mine.

"That's right. Struggle all you want. It wouldn't be fun if you didn't."

I feel panic shoot across my face, when he starts to undo his belt. I twist and turn trying to avoid what I already know to be unavoidable. His right hand still holds both of my wrists pinned above my head, as he lays me down on the couch , using his left hand to unbutton and unzip my jeans. Tears started dripping down my face, and he smirked.

"You know I love it when you cry. You're such a good girl, you know exactly how to please your old man."

He bursts out laughing at my distressed face, as I use all my willpower to stop crying. At least I won't give him that satisfaction. He roughly pulls down my jeans and my panties in one go, and gets on top of me, leaving me nothing to do but whimper in agony as he starts raping me.

He pulls up his pants and fastens his belt, looking back at me in disgust.

" You know nobody will ever want a slut like you, don't you?"

I silently nod , straightening my clothes and rubbing my wrists. I hear his weight shift, but can only look up in time to see his punch coming. It hits me straight in the face, knocking me off the couch, onto the floor. He stands over me as I push myself up on one elbow, rubbing my left cheek.

"If you ever tell anyone, I promise, this will be nothing compared to what I'll do then."

He pauses, looking down on me.

"I'll fucking kill you! You hear?"

When I don't respond fast enough to his liking, he kicks me in the side.

"Did you hear me?"

I moaned in agony, crawling away from him.

"Yes! Yes, I heard you!", I screamed back at him.

He pulls me to my feet by my hair, clenching his hand around my neck and pushing me against the wall, choking me.

"You'd better keep your mouth shut wench."

I manage to whisper something incomprehensible in agreement, and he lets go, dropping me to the floor, leaving me gasping for air.

"I'll be out for diner. Fix yourself something. Or starve, I don't give a fuck."

And he leaves. He know he can leave me alone, without having to worry about me going to the police. He has ensured me more than once it would be his word against mine, and there was no way anyone would believe me. Apart from suicide, I have nowhere to go, and he knows that.

I go upstairs, almost crawling up the stairs, my side hurting from his kick. I manage to get to my room, and start undressing in the dark. I need to take a shower. I feel so dirty and like a piece of trash. I must be, being deviled by him. I pick my clothes up to put them in the laundrymachine, but when I switch on the light in the bathroom, I see a small bloodstain on my shirt. Shocked I look down

at my side.

"Damn it!"

There's a small cut on my side, surrounded by an ugly bruise. That son of a bitch caused me to bleed. Again. I examine the cut, which is not too serious. It already stopped bleeding. I clean my side, and turn the shower on. As I let the water get warm, I look at myself in the mirror. My left cheek is black and blue, and my neck is also starting to show some colored spots. Seems like I'll have to cover myself up tomorrow. And just after summer break too. It will be way too warm to wear a scarf or a high collared shirt, without drawing attention.

"Damn you."

I get under the shower, and start washing myself top to bottom, making sure I remove all his leftover cum from between my legs.

'Filthy rat. If I wasn't on birthcontrol, I'd end up getting pregnant with my father's child.'

I shiver at the mere thought and possibility. What would I do if that happened? Would abortion be an option? It feels wrong to kill something that didn't even get a fair chance at life. After all, it wouldn't be its fault. I shake my head. What am I thinking? I can worry about that when it actually happens, no need to stress myself out more.

As I dry myself off, I decide to go to sleep without dinner. There is no way I can eat feeling like this. My body hurts so much I probably wouldn't even make it down the stairs anyway. And I feel so sick to my stomach, it's not even worth trying.

I crawl into bed, groaning and cursing as my body makes it almost impossible to lie down comfortably. I end up lying on my right side, staring at the moon through my window. It's so lonely in its grace and brightness. But even the moon is surrounded by stars, keeping it company. I suddenly feel so completely lost and lonely, my eyes start to burn again. I try to hold them back; I don't want to cry. But I can not hold back any longer. I surrender to my sadness and misery with a loud, agonized howl, and start screaming into my pillow until I black out.

The next morning my throat hurts like I've been eating sandpaper, and my eyes are swollen from crying in my sleep. I carefully get up, my body sore and stiff from the beating my father gave me. I manage to stumble to the bathroom again, turn on the light, and look at myself in the mirror again. The left side of my face is mostly covered with a sickening purple bruise.

'You damn son of a bitch.'

How am I going to cover this up? My throat hurts like hell, so I think I can get away with saying I have a bit of a flu, and wear a scarf to hide the fingerprints on my neck, pretending I'm trying not to get any sicker. The same excuse should get me clear from physical exercise class today. But this bruise in my face is difficult. I don't use much makeup normally, so it will definitely draw attention if

I do. But just a little won't be enough.

I decide do get dressed first, and then I try to cover up the bruise in my face as good as I can. When I'm done I hardly regonise myself, but I'd rather draw attention for wearing to much make-up, than answer questions about that hideous bruise. I go downstairs, pack lunch and get ready for school. My father isn't even home. Either he already left for work, or he never came home last night in the first place. I hope he got drunk and drowned himself. After all, if he had been in a car accident, I would have heard about it by now. As I close the front door, I take a deep breath.

'Please God. Do not let them see the bruise.'

And off I go.

End
file.